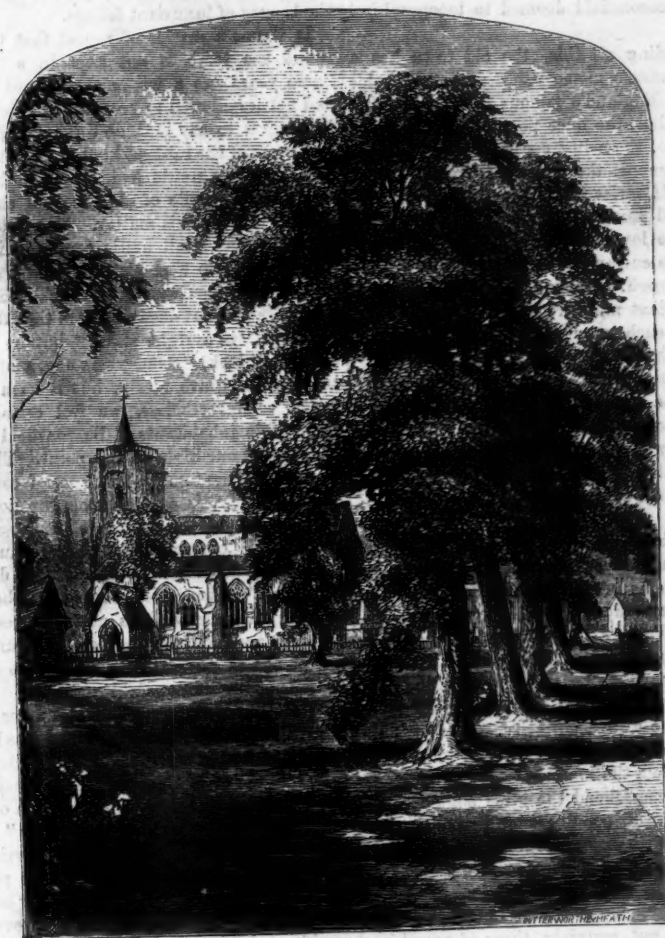


THE QUIVER

Saturday, October 14, 1865.



BEACONSFIELD CHURCH.

THE TOMB OF WALLER AND THE GRAVE OF BURKE.

THOUSANDS must have passed in the old coaching days through rural Beaconsfield. The high road to Oxford brought down her street every term successive groups of "freshmen," hastening to the delights of college life. Tourists in the long vacation roamed across the undulating

country in the neighbourhood, explored the deep recesses of Penn Wood, and sought the exact hill or "beacon field," whence the beacon-fire once flashed its war signal to the surrounding shires. The old town loved to be thus visited; the steep roads were made easier, a vale being filled up in

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one place and a hill cut through in another. But the spirit of the age fought against Beaconsfield; railways came, the ancient highway was almost deserted, the once merry "coaching inns" were gloomily meditating on the bygone days of "gentlemen coachmen," independent guards, and rattling four-in-hands. Its market could not be restored, and even the famous Penn Wood was levelled by the axe—is not Beaconsfield doomed to topographical oblivion?

Notwithstanding all this, the old town has a place in the nation's memory. Beaconsfield holds in trust two of England's famous dead, a poet and an orator—Waller, the once popular poet, the versatile politician, the witty speaker, the pet of the House of Commons, the friend of Cromwell, and the favourite of Charles II., is buried in the churchyard. Edmund Burke, the statesman, orator, and philosopher, the lover of justice, the friend of humanity, and the enemy of tyranny, rests in a plain grave in the church. Greater names may increase the fame of ancient minsters or grand cathedrals, but even two such may well suffice to invest a plain country church with an attractive interest.

Having entered the churchyard we naturally walk round the church, but find nothing of a peculiarly attractive character in the architecture. The old flint tower would please more were it not for the mean little turret on the top. This poor imitation of a spire supports a cross, which is itself surmounted by a gilt cock, serving both for a symbol of watchfulness and for a vane. Over the east window is a somewhat ornamented but empty niche, which seems pensively inquiring after the fate of its former occupant.

The tomb of Waller attracts the notice of all who enter the churchyard. They may know nothing of the once lauded poet, whose body has been resting here for nearly two hundred years, but the singular style of the monument causes curiosity. The visitor's attention is, probably, first drawn to the marble obelisk, rising from the massive tomb. While endeavouring to comprehend the ideas suggested by this combination of sepulchre and obelisk, the observer notes, with some surprise, that the tall superstructure rests upon four marble figures of human skulls. A closer examination detects a further peculiarity. Each skull is furnished with a pair of wings; not, certainly, those of seraphim, but such as belong to bats. What idea the designer of the tomb intended to convey by the strange combination of bats' wings and human skulls, is not clearly seen. The symbols are rather pagan than Christian; suggesting little, except the gloom of death's long night. The pagan character of the monument is not diminished by the four conventional urns—one at each corner. A long Latin epitaph, nearly covering the four sides of the tomb, gives a detailed history of Waller's public and

private life, besides notices of his two wives, who are buried here.

The tomb is overshadowed by the protecting branches of an ancient and flourishing walnut-tree—most appropriate near such a grave, the walnut-tree being the crest of the Waller family. Two others flourish in the churchyard, and present, year after year, among the tombs, the Waller crest, in all the beauty of luxuriant foliage.

Is it not a matter of regret that the inclosure round the tomb is not kept in a better state? Some years ago a writer complained of the grass and nettles allowed to grow around the monument. We regret to say that, on July the 27th, 1865, we saw grass of the rankest kind flourishing there, and one ambitious nettle had grown higher than the tomb. The people of Beaconsfield should take a friend's hint on this matter. Many strangers visit the place, and a tall nettle cannot be in their eyes an ornament to a poet's grave. We spoke to one gentleman, whom we met in the churchyard, on the subject, and he at once admitted that the tomb was not kept "in a right state;" but he said, with a significant look, "Some years ago, money was sent to keep the grave nicely, but it hasn't been paid lately." Nevertheless, we feel certain that the respectable inhabitants of Beaconsfield will not be offended by our hints on this point. That the preservation of the tomb is an object of concern to the Waller family, is evident from the notice painted on a board, at the east side of the monument, threatening prosecution by the churchwardens against all "throwing stones at, or defacing the sepulchre." This notice is dated, October 1st, 1863, and suggests some serious questions respecting the manners and habits of the people. Surely, throwing stones at poets' tombs cannot be a favourite pastime of the Beaconsfield rustics.

While standing beside this monument the question will arise, What sort of a man was he in whose honour it was raised? Though Waller has been called "the greatest honour of Beaconsfield," he is not much borne in mind by the men of the nineteenth century. The "reading public" know little of him; he has no pupils among the writers of our age; nor do statesmen quote from his pages words rich in political wisdom. Some men "being dead" speak eloquently to after times, and even the cold marble of their tombs kindles a high enthusiasm in the hearts of many generations. But Waller seems a being of the past; no golden link unites him to the world of living men. How is this? The man over whose tomb that obelisk rises was a highly-lauded poet, being styled "the wonder of wits and the pattern of poets." One of his editors boldly ignores Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton, as the masters of our language, calling Waller "the parent of English verse." Very loud indeed did Fame blow the trumpet of this poet's praise.

Why have the echoes nearly all died away? Fame has two trumpets: a brazen one for the man who lives and works, simply to please his own age; and a silver one for him who works honestly for God and man. The notes of the latter rise triumphantly as ages pass along. Waller had the brazen trumpet—he was worshipped when a Milton was scorned; but the laudations of the one are seldom heard, the name of the other is a “household word.” The poetry of Waller was, nevertheless, marked by sentiment, fancy, great command of language, much musical flow, many elegant epigrammatic turns, and some touches of true emotion. What then did he want? Less selfishness, a deeper love of truth, and a wider sympathy with mankind. Without these, poetry is mere verse-making, and not the hymn which all ages will chant.

But a greater than Waller has a grave at Beaconsfield. The trim parish-clerk, who comes up with the keys, knows our business at once. “Burke’s grave, sir?” he says, with the tone of a man who knows what draws strangers to the church. We enter the building, and look around for some stately monument suitable to the fame of the renowned orator. Nothing of the kind is visible; against the wall we see a plain tablet, the only memorial of the impassioned writer and speaker, whose burning words once moved the heart of England. The recording marble is well placed opposite to the square pew of the Burke family, and facing the corner in which the “philosopher of Beaconsfield” used to sit. The body of Burke rests almost under the place where he has often prayed: the family vault is beneath the family pew. The matting of the central aisle covers and protects a memorial brass placed in front of the pew in 1862, by a subscription of all the members of the Burke family.

Burke had many years before, when a young man, after his first visit to Westminster Abbey, expressed his preference for “a grave, in the southern corner of a little country churchyard.” His wish has been nearly realised; he sleeps in the centre of a country church, where the litany of the living is heard over the bones of the dead. Westminster Abbey would certainly have been his burial-place, had not the express words of his will indicated Beaconsfield church. The choice was natural. He now rests near to the spot where he had often worshipped, close to the remains of his son, brother, and wife, and within a short distance of the house where nearly thirty years of his life were honourably passed.

This mansion, called Gregorie’s or Butler’s Court, stood near the town, prettily isolated by its six hundred acres of richly-timbered land. It is somewhat remarkable that this residence of Burke, or

one on the same site, had formerly belonged to the Waller family, so that the same place links together the two names which have given Beaconsfield its fame.

This home of Burke was burned down in 1813, one year after the death of his widow. The trees under which he often walked, while meditating over public topics or conversing with kindred minds, still remain; and even a small portion of the out-buildings of Gregorie’s still stands. The old town may therefore feel a degree of honest pride in being able to show not only the tombs of her noted dead, but the very localities in which they lived. Whilst standing in Burke’s pew, and over his grave, it will be well, though but for a moment, to remember the character of the age in which he lived. Born in 1730, and dying in 1797, he shared the excitement of four great events, in three of which he took a part. When but sixteen, a student at Trinity College, Dublin, he heard the news of the great Jacobite defeat at Culloden. The American Revolutionary War found him, as a Member of Parliament, a staunch adherent of the colonies. The exciting trial of Warren Hastings, for crimes and misdemeanours committed as Governor-General of India, engaged the mind of Burke for seven years, as one of the managers in this great State prosecution. The French Revolution and the horrors of the Reign of Terror then startled Europe and shocked Burke. All the energies of his passionate nature were exerted to rouse England and Europe, against France. His “Reflections on the French Revolution” appeared in 1790, and in the year before his death he sounded another alarm in the “Letters on a Regicide Peace.” A year more and the active brain, the energetic spirit, the enthusiastic heart, and the eloquent tongue were all at rest. Had his lamented son lived a little longer, or could the Bath waters have re-invigorated Burke’s shattered health, a peerage would certainly have been granted. Edmund Burke would have been Lord Beaconsfield, for so it had been arranged. But as approaching death cast its long shadows before, the worn-out philosopher bade adieu to the pomps and titles of earth. He returned from Bath to die, amid the familiar scenes and in the much-loved home, selecting this quiet resting-place, where each returning day of prayer brings the rich and the poor together near his grave. To Beaconsfield has been given a double honour—to have formerly been the home of a once famous poet and a still renowned statesman, and now to be the guardian of their dust.

We bid farewell to the old town, feeling assured that her poet and her philosopher will still keep her name in the long roll of England’s memorable places.

W. D.

SEPTEMBER.

(AN IDYL.)

BY JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

UPOX a headland high,
That o'er the outspread waters toppled sheer,
I stand amid the sunlight warm and clear
Of a September sky;
Viewing the scene around,
Blue sea and harvest ground,
And the great ether field of heaven profound.

One lonely cloud
Is pendent in the stilly, slumberous air,
And all the flood of sun-light falling there
Pales on its vapoury shroud,
That turns to silver bright,
Or ermine soft and white,
Furring the mantle of some lordly knight.

The hyaline
Flows all around it like a heavenly sea,
Laving an island where the angels be,
Looking with eyes serene
Down on the nether ocean,
That mute and without motion
Gleams back upon the heaven its rapt devotion.

To north and east
Spreads far away the plane of that great deep,
A giant languid in the thrall of sleep,
Wherefrom, ere long, refreshed
Haply he will awake
Terribly to shake
The earth with thunder-wave and foamy flake.

Now, calm-thralled there,
Like sleeping sea-birds with their sail-wings white,
Tall ships lie moveless, silvered by the light
That fills the swooning air—
While through the ocean-sky
Sea-birds float soaringly
On white wing-sails, like tiny yachts on high.

Then turning round,
I gaze upon the rich and ripening fields,
Where yellow Autumn with his glory gilds
The harvest-teeming ground;
Where streamlet clear and bright
Dances and laughs in light,
And coppice brown and greenwood charm the sight.

The reaper's scythe,
With circling sweep is mowing down the grain,
While, close at hand, a busy, merry train
Of youths and maidens blithe
Over the stubble throng,
And, as they move along,
Bind up the sheaves with jest and laugh and song.

And as the air
Wafts up the music of those voices clear
In dulcet pulses, softly on my ear
They fall, and linger there,
Till cheated Fancy takes
The sounds, and, weaving, makes
An Autumn-chant; and this the song she wakes—

HARVESTERS' SONG.

Toil, toil, toil,
Through the sunny fields all day;
Toil, toil, toil,
From morn to night alway,
Till the sun in the west
Invites to rest,
And rest from labour we may.

Toil, toil, toil,
Through hours that are hot and long;
Let's lighten still our toil
With laughter and pleasant song.
For the song and the laugh
Will lighten by half
Our labour, to weak and to strong.

Reap, reap, reap,
With swinging scythe, around;
Sweep, sweep, sweep,
Till the thick swarth strews the ground:
Close and deep
Is the crop we reap,
And the grain is heavy and sound.

Bind, bind, bind
In sheaves the golden grain;
Wind, fast wind
The bands with careful strain.
Firmly lock
The sheaves in a shock,
For Giles, when he comes with the wain.

Reap and gather and bind,
Till all's cut and sheaved and piled.
Toil is the lot of our kind,
Man and woman and child;
But to do our part
With a cheerful heart
Will make that lot more mild.

Work, work away still
Work, till the waning light;
Work, work with a will—
Labour is just and right.
Labour is good,
It gives raiment and food,
And sweet and sound sleep by night.

BUYING AND SELLING.

BY THE REV. T. BINNEY.

"It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer: but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth."—Prov. xx. 14.



R. ADAM CLARKE, in commenting upon this proverb, says: "St. Augustine tells us a pleasant story on this subject. A certain mountebank published in the full theatre that, at the next entertainment, he would show to every man present what was in his heart. The time came, and the concourse was immense. All waited, with death-like silence, to hear what he would say to each. He stood up, and in a single sentence redeemed his pledge—'You all wish to buy cheap and sell dear.' He was applauded, for every one felt it to be a description of his own heart, and was satisfied that all others were similar."

On this story it may be observed, that the mere wish "to buy cheap and to sell dear" is not condemned by the proverb before us; what is condemned is, the employment of unjustifiable means to reduce the price of an article, whether intended to be resold or not. Men must, of course, buy cheaper than they sell, or there could be no profitable trade at all; of course, also, the less they give, and the more they get, so much the better, provided always that there is no beating down on the one side, or overcharge on the other. "To buy in the cheapest market, and sell in the dearest," is one of the established maxims of modern merchandise. It is perfectly fair, for it is to be observed, that buying in a market, and at the market price—a price fixed and regulated, not by individual action, but by circumstances and events which, independently of mere personal feeling, affect the marketable value of commodities—is a very different thing from what is stigmatised by the proverb. Where, for instance, an article is abundant and everybody has more than enough, it must of necessity be far cheaper than where there is little or none, where it has to be imported, where many want it, and all who do are ready to give something considerable to get it. It is perfectly right that the man who deals in such an article, supposing that there are two or three places where it may be had, should buy it where it can be got cheapest, and should take it for sale to wherever it would yield him the largest returns. There is no wrong done in all this to any one. The first seller is satisfied with what he gets, and the last purchaser with what he gives. As to the other places, and the other markets respectively, the merchant will go where he must give more, and carry his goods where he will obtain less, when he has exhausted the first and best on both sides, and has to be content with diminished

profits. He will still do his best to keep buying as cheap and selling as dear as possible, though gradually obliged to pay more and charge less, knowing that he is subject to the action of laws, which, independently of himself, regulate the market price of the goods in which he deals.

What the proverb condemns, then, is not this. What it means to expose and censure is, consciously unjust depreciation of an article, in order to secure it for less than the buyer believes it to be worth. This may be done in, at least, two ways. First, by the actual depreciation of the thing itself, either as to material, or workmanship, or both; the man knowing well enough that, in each respect, it is alike good. Or, secondly, by the man's pretending that he does not want it, and has no use for it, so that, whatever may be its intrinsic value, it is not really of that value to him; he, on the contrary, knowing and feeling that it would just suit him, and secretly wishing to obtain it, if possible.

All this is, of course, wrong. The case, however, is much worse when the buyer knows, or suspects, that the seller must sell; that he is poor, or in difficulties, and that his circumstances may be taken advantage of to wring from him his goods at a cruel sacrifice. A man's heart may be broken, as well as his position destroyed, by such heartless pressure being brought to bear upon him in a great necessity.

The latter of the two pleas above mentioned may, however, be urged sometimes in good faith, and with perfect fairness. A seller may press an article upon you which you really do not want, or do not care for, or not at that moment, and may offer it at a low price to induce you to purchase. You can honestly assure him that you do not wish to buy, and may frankly admit the worth and excellence of the thing itself, and that it is fully worth what he asks for it, and even more. Still he presses and urges you to purchase, and perhaps pleads that you would be conferring a favour by doing so. In such circumstances a man might be justified in offering even less than what is asked, though that may be less than the intrinsic value of the article, because he consents, for the sake of the vendor and because of his importunity, to purchase and pay for what may be an encumbrance, or what he may not care to have the trouble to turn again into money.

Where, however, two men, on equal terms, are buying and selling, the one asking a fair price, and the other needing and wishing to purchase, for the buyer either to run down the article, or to pretend indifference, in order to get it for what he knows to

be beneath its marketable value—the price which the seller has a right to demand, and which the buyer ought to be willing to give—this is wrong, and is the wrong thing which the proverb condemns.

That such is the case appears from the conduct subsequently attributed to the purchaser—"When he is gone his way, then he boasteth." This at once reveals the real character of the transaction, and illustrates the folly which is often associated with deceit. When a man has outwitted another, or has gained an unworthy advantage over him, his wisest course is to say nothing about it: for his own credit he had better hold his tongue. But people who think themselves very knowing and adroit cannot do this: they long to proclaim their own cleverness, and to enjoy the praise of their achievement, as well as to possess the substantial advantage which they have secured. "When he is gone his way, then he boasteth;" that is, shows, with a chuckle of exultation, what he has got, expatiates on its beauty or excellence, on the use it will be to him, how long he had been wishing to get hold of such a thing, and how cleverly he had managed to beat down the price, and get it for next to nothing, smiling, perhaps, all the time, at the weakness of the man who was so soft as to let him succeed. In this way it often is that deceit and cunning betray themselves, and a sinner proclaims himself a fool. The man of sharp practice, or "the 'cute customer," will often choose to have the praise of his adroitness and a laugh at his dupe, though he may be thought wicked, rather than be regarded as truthful and straightforward, if with that he is to be classed with slow, humdrum, commonplace people.

The evil exposed by the proverb is not common amongst us in the higher walks of buying and selling. In the lower strata of shops, and among a certain class of customers, it may, no doubt, be found; but in no place of business of the more respectable order does any seller ever think of asking one price, while ready and willing to take another, or a purchaser to offer less than what is asked, or to depreciate an article with a view to obtaining it on easier terms. If an article is thought too dear, or the buyer does not feel justified in giving its price, it is simply declined, and nothing more is said. It is very likely, however, that in the time and the country of Solomon, trade morality was not high, even in some of the better class of bazaars. In the Mosaic law there are sundry enactments against unfair dealing; but in spite of these, it would seem, both from the Prophets and the Apocrypha, that there were times when justice and equity were rather the exception than the rule. Divers weights and measures are condemned; just balances and a just meteyard are enforced. "Divers weights" might be such as could

be changed, according as the individual bought or sold. "Balances of deceit" might be such as were so constructed as to have all the appearance of justice, and yet might cheat the pocket while they satisfied the eye. The fact is, that among Eastern peoples, everywhere—in the olden time, and at the present day—there always has been a tendency to various species of falsehood. The traveller is never sure that he is getting the truth; and this of course is seen in business transactions as well as in other things.

The morality of trade in this country, in the higher walks of business, is, as we have said, in respect to the subject of the proverb, perfectly sound; so that in no first-class shop is anything to be met with but a fixed price; and no purchaser, accustomed to such, dreams of depreciation with a view to offering less than what is asked. Of course, where things are constantly being sold "at a tremendous sacrifice;" where "a bankrupt's stock" is to be offered for sale, or where people are always "selling off," and "must be cleared out," on one pretence or another, we suppose there may be plenty of hollowness on both sides. In such places there may be as much insincerity in the descriptions given, and in the prices asked, as in anything that the buyers may say or do; though they, it is presumed, go to purchase on the principle of beating down and getting "a bargain."

There are occasions, however, when even the most high-minded men—men who would think themselves insulted, if, in their warehouses, they were offered anything less than what they asked—there are occasions when even they, on the one side or the other, will act on a different principle. In purchasing a house or an estate; in buying a horse; in taking or parting with fixtures or furniture; on leaving an old, or entering on a new residence, these, and other occasions, are times when such bargaining may take place, even among respectable people, as may have the appearance of going very near to what the proverb condemns. But here, again, it is to be remembered that the wish to get a thing for less than what is asked may by no means have in it anything wrong. The vendor in any of the above cases will sometimes say that he is "open to an offer;" that is, that while he asks so much, yet he might be induced to consent to take a lower sum. In such a case, the man wishing to purchase is perfectly justified in offering less than what is asked; but he would not be justified in depreciating the property against his conviction of its actual value, nor in pretending an indifference to it which he did not feel. At the same time he might properly say that another might possibly be found who would give more than he felt warranted to offer; that much as he liked the thing, and would like to have it, it was not so indispensable to him that he must secure it at any cost; if, therefore, the person wishing to part with it chose to

take his offer, he would close with him; if not, the negotiation was at an end. It might so happen that the seller would feel it the best thing he could do to accept what was offered; it would be a saving in the end, though, in his opinion, he was parting with something for less than its value. Still, the circumstances may be such, that while it is "given away," sold "for an old song," neither does the seller feel that he has been overreached by the buyer, nor does the buyer, though quite aware of his good bargain, feel disposed to "boast," at least, not in the spirit of the proverb, which is that of a man exulting in the success of a clever trick.

As to house fixtures, every one knows that they must, for the most part, be surrendered at a sacrifice; and even furniture, "as good as new," if obliged to be parted with, must often be let go for "next to nothing." In the case of horses, again, it is singular, how, in the case of men professionally concerned with them, nobody seems to expect anything approaching to ordinary uprightness. Blindness to or depreciation of the best points of an animal, denial or concealment of its defects, as the case may be, seem to be assumed as matters of course; so that, in two senses, there may be "boasting" of a bargain—in the one, at getting a perfect beauty, or a strong roadster, at a ridiculously low figure; in the other, at having so managed as to get rid—and at a capital price—of an old screw. It is told of the son of a horse-dealer, a sharp lad, that, when once unexpectedly called by his father to mount a horse, and exhibit his paces, the little fellow whispered the question, in order to regulate how he should ride, "Are you buying, or selling?"

The reverse of the proverb might admit of large illustration: the way, that is to say, in which sellers will take advantage of the ignorance or simplicity of buyers; how they will puff off their articles, imputing qualities which they do not

possess, or denying their defects, or in other ways forcing a purchase, and then "boasting" of their success at the expense of the purchaser. But these things are not before us; nor, perhaps, it may be thought, were some others which have been introduced. What has been said, however, will not be in vain, if it impress any with the importance of little things in speech and action; the paramount obligation of strict adherence to truth; the avoidance of every approach to dissimulation in all the concerns of ordinary life; and the necessity which there is for Christian men to show that the religious element pervades and penetrates their whole being, and is regulative and purifying to the minutest points of secular behaviour. It was the prayer of the Psalmist, "Let integrity and uprightness preserve me; for I wait on thee." Because he was professedly a religious man, he felt he must be eminent in the virtues of common life. It was religious servants who were exhorted "to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things," by "showing all good fidelity" of hand and lip, and in respect to the smallest concerns connected with their vocation. It rests on all who profess and call themselves Christians, "whether they eat or drink," buy or sell, "or whatever they do, to do all to the glory of God." "Let every man speak truth with his neighbour." "Let no man go beyond, and defraud another in any matter." "Let all guile be put away from you." "Avoid every appearance of evil." "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise," it is for Christians, in shop and counting-house, mart and market, "to think on these things" and do them.

A SLAVE STORY.



ANY years ago I was attached to the Honourable East India Company's man-of-war schooner *Daphne*, which formed one of the Red Sea squadron, whose headquarters was at Aden. We were lying at that port in the month of May, just before the south-west monsoon had begun to set in, when the Political Resident received information from an Arab coasting-vessel of a body of slaves having been seen on a part of the African coast not many days' sail from Aden.

The "skipper" of the native vessel had come from that portion of the mainland, and stated that the slaves—chiefly, he understood, women and children—had been marched from some unknown region far

inland, and were much fatigued and in bad condition; and he gave it as his belief that no attempt to ship them would be made until they had so far recovered the effects of their harsh treatment as to be able to bear the hardships of a sea passage. These wretched slave-mongers, in following their nefarious traffic, are gifted with much worldly wisdom, and are well aware "that it would not pay" in a pecuniary point of view, to bring into the market slaves, whether male or female, in such a physical state as might give cause of doubt to their would-be purchasers of their ever recovering their plumpness and natural good condition. For these reasons our informant felt satisfied that they would not be removed from their place of confinement for at least another fortnight.

The *Daphne* had only just returned from a long cruise up the Red Sea, and required some refitting; but as there was not then another ship in port, and it would never do to let the prize slip through our fingers, the captain expressed his ability to go as soon as required; and we were all delighted with the prospect of prize money and a little excitement. To do us only justice, however, the great pleasure of being instrumental in assisting to put down the slave trade, formed our chief incentive to exertion.

The *Daphne* was called a schooner, but she was, in reality, what is styled an "hermaphrodite brig"—that is to say, her foremast carried square sails, like a brig (but without the regular "top," which would constitute a brigantine), and her mainmast was schooner, or fore-and-aft, rigged. She carried five guns, of which four were twelve-pounders, and one short thirty-two pounder, worked with the carriage and slide on a pivot. Her crew consisted of fifty men, all told.

Well, at six o'clock that evening, Lieutenant K. came on board, and gave orders for weighing the anchor, and we were soon sailing round the high land in which the cantonment and town of Aden are embosomed, and the breeze freshening, we took in our fore-royal, and a reef in our foretopsail and mainsail, and made all snug for the night. It was long, however, before we lost sight of the towering peak of Jibbel Shumshum, the highest pinnacle of the mountains on the peninsula of Aden. When morning broke, there was the peak in the far distance, easily discernible—not for long, however, for the following day we sighted the mainland of Africa, and about midnight we were close under the land. The tide carried us on its bosom gently but quickly along; and we found, by sounding with the lead-line, that we were in shallower water than was quite safe, in case of a wind setting in from seaward, when we should wish to "beat off" from the shore.

"By the mark five!" sang out the leadsman, from the forechains, in the rather pretty cadence to which the soundings are set. "Turn the hands out," was the order, and soon was heard the pipe and stentorian voice of the boatswain's mate, "All hands bring ship to anchor!"

"Clear the lower-deck!" was the word passed to the master-at-arms, and in a couple of minutes officers and men were at their posts; all sail was taken in, and the anchor let go; the *Daphne* then swung by the chain to the side, the people were "piped down," and quiet again reigned on board. With early morning a pleasant breeze came off the land, and we took advantage of it and weighed anchor. Next day at noon we sighted the desired coast, and shortening sail, "laid to" the remainder of the day, proposing, when darkness had shrouded our movements, to run in under cover of the night, as were the slave-dealers to discover our nationality

and errand, or get an inkling of our being a man-of-war ("buckra"), good-bye to our chances of rescuing the slaves, whom, long before morning, they would have withdrawn inland beyond our reach. About ten p.m. we made all sail again on the ship to make the spot indicated, and which we reached about half-past two a.m. The sails having been furled, we "brought to" with the "bower" anchor, and speedily lowered our two largest boats, which, when manned by eleven men and an officer in each, pulled swiftly for the shore, for no time was to be lost, as it would be a thousand pities were our prizes to escape us. The ship was moored a good three miles from the shore, so that, what with the time consumed in securing the *Daphne* in her berth and pulling on shore, daylight was breaking as we grounded on the beach. A cup of coffee before starting and the exercise had fully awoke the sleepy seamen, and we all felt fresh and jolly.

The party mustered twenty-two stout fellows, with a midshipman and myself in charge. Our arms consisted, as far as the men were concerned, of cutlass, musket and bayonet, with forty round of ball cartridge per man; we, the officers, had our side arms and a brace of pistols. Directly we had jumped ashore and "shaken ourselves together," two men (brought above the complement for the purpose) were left behind in charge of the boats, with instructions to keep well clear of the shore, and hold no intercourse with any one; and then I gave the word of command—"With ball cartridge, load," and away we marched off inland. By the by, I forgot to mention that a native interpreter, brought from Aden with us, formed one of the party. He was a member of the Aden police force, Hassan by name, and will perhaps be remembered by some of my readers who have resided in the Gibraltar of the East. Hassan was a sprightly young fellow, good-looking, and very intelligent and amusing, with plenty of conversation. The slaves after whom we had been dispatched, I should mention, were confined in a small fort, situated about two and a-half miles from the sea-shore. Indications were now plentiful that our advance was discovered, and preparations making, no doubt, to resist it. Nor were our conjectures incorrect, for we sighted two guns planted outside the fort, and round each of them was collected a group of Arabs standing.

Presently, "bang! bang!" went the cannon, but the round shot harmlessly whistled over our heads. The order was then given to "double," and away we all started, as fast as our legs could carry us, to take the guns. With better aim this time, but with no more effect, the Arab gunners fired one more round, and then—to use an expressive Americanism—immediately "skedaddled." When we reached the guns we did not stop, but followed our friends to the fort for which they were making.

However, they got in before us, and shut the



"Said I, 'those shadowy tissues
Fill up the silvery tide.'"—p. 59.

large door, a strong piece of woodwork, all studded with nails, something similar to what one sees in old English castles. It was no time now to consider, or even to exercise that discretion which is said to be "the better part of valour." My instructions were to bring the slaves back with us; and, in spite of resistance, my instructions must be obeyed; besides, I had British sailors to carry them out with, and they are not the sort of men to put on their "considering caps" at such a time.

About fifteen or twenty men appeared on the walls, and commenced firing on us. We returned their fusillade briskly, and one of our antagonists was shot in the arm, when I bethought me of the guns outside. Fortunately, they seemed to have no cannon mounted on the walls; and we afterwards learned the reason. Expecting no intruders, they had on the previous day taken out of the fort the only two in their possession, and planted them in their present position, the better to enjoy some quiet "popping," as it was the birthday of the chief of the gang. This individual did not dream of passing his natal day in such a very unpleasant manner; and had the aforesaid carronades been on the parapet, we should, probably, have had some trouble and loss in carrying the fort. We accordingly soon loaded them with shot (a few of which were deposited conveniently to hand near the guns, and which, in their hurry to gain shelter, the slave-dealers had left behind), and pointed them at the door. When the besieged saw our purpose, there was evidently a hasty consultation among them; and, just as we were about to fire, a man waved a white flag from the parapet in token of a parley.

Before approaching the gate, I desired, through the interpreter, that whoever intended to speak with me should come to the wall unarmed. This was agreed to, and then Hassan advanced to the foot of the building, and, in answer to their question as to what we wanted with them, we replied that this air of injured innocence would not do; that we knew, from certain information, there were slaves confined in the fort, and that, unless they were handed over to us immediately, we should be under the necessity of blowing the gate down, and seizing them by force; and then, if the blood of any of my men was shed, I should carry the whole of them off on board the *Daphne*. I moreover gave them to understand that at a signal I could get as many more sailors on shore as I wanted, and they had better surrender at once, when we should let them all go off free, bag and baggage—of course, not including the slaves among the "chattels." The leader asked time to consider, and I gave him five minutes. Before the time had expired, they came to our terms, and opened the huge door, through which we marched, taking every precaution to prevent an ambushade by means of hostages, consisting of the chief and his two sons, whom we placed under a guard.

The Arabs all gathered round us with signs of submission, making their "salaams," and delivering up their arms, which were piled away. The first consideration was the slaves, and in two of the ground-floor rooms, something like the "Black Hole of Calcutta," the poor wretches were crowded together with very little regard to cleanliness and fresh air, and none to comfort or decency. Shall I ever forget the sight? They were all women and children, and were embracing each other and crying in an agony of fear. Their captors had informed them, we afterwards found out, that we were going to kill them all, and only came for that purpose. As soon as we made our appearance at the doors of their cells, they made a rush for the corners furthest from us, expecting a fate similar to that which befell our countrywomen at Cawnpore.

We got them out at length into the open air, and after mustering them, and poking our heads into all the nooks of the old building, we marched them out to the plain, gave up the fort again to the quiet possession of the owners, and set off on our return to the boats. Can that wearisome march down to the shore ever be obliterated from my memory? It took us nearly two hours and a half, for by no signs or gesticulations, no matter how eloquent or energetic, could we make them believe they were going to freedom and happiness, and not to their death. They saw before their eyes the sea, which was to them full of terrors, a sight now seen for the first time, and in the distance lay the *Daphne*, to which they knew we were taking them. At the first view they caught of her they threw up their arms, and positively refused to stir a step further. Entreaty and persuasion were tried, but in vain; and seeing the utter uselessness of thus wasting our time, we were obliged to have recourse, much against my wish, to gentle force, and had to push some, and carry a few of the most obstreperous. It was pitiful to see them kneeling down on the hot sand, and imploring us, with clasped hands, to spare them, and let them return to their former masters. There were twenty-five of them in all, eighteen women and seven children. The sailors carried them into the boats, but most tenderly, and without any of that roughness which is supposed to be characteristic of "Poor Jack." I took fourteen in my boat, it being the larger one, and Mr. D— embarked the remainder. When they found themselves actually afloat, no words can depict their abject terror. That night we weighed, and stood back to Aden, with a strong wind right in our teeth; but the *Daphne* was accustomed to battle against "dead-on-end" breezes, and we sighted "Jibbel Shumshum" five days after, and dropped our anchor at Steamer Point, exactly eight days from the date of our raising it. But what a change had come over our interesting charges! Good food

and kind treatment had quite reassured them as to their safety; their smiling faces were pleasant to look at, and they soon picked up flesh, in spite of the ship's knocking about. They soon began to learn that we were their deliverers and friends, and could hardly be induced to go on shore when we arrived at Aden, crying and praying to be left on board. We handed them over to the Political Resident; but by some legal quibble, as they were not taken at sea, we never received the £5 per head to which we, as the captors, were entitled by Act of

Parliament; and after a good deal of correspondence anent the matter, the captain gave up writing on the subject. But, although we lost our money, we were amply rewarded by the bright faces of our *protégées*, eloquent with the thanks their tongues could not give expression to, and by the consciousness (which the authorities could not take away) of having done our duty. Thus ended this slave adventure, to which I look back with pleasure, and the narration of which, I hope, has interested my readers.

BABBLE.



HE apples were well nigh mellow,
And the corn was in the rick;
But the stubble yet was yellow,
And the woodland yet was thick;

And the wavering waters crossing
The tarnished weeds below,
Made patterns of gold embossing
In their faded beds to glow.

In the lane that the ash-trees cover—
The lane that leads to the waste—
I happened on a luckless lover
To whom life had lost its taste;

Who saw but the first leaves falling,
And talked of the dying year,
And heard but the lapwing calling
From the borders of yonder mere.

Then I praised the glorious weather,
And the harvest safely stored,
And the purple blooming heather,
But he answered not a word.

So our silent steps we quickened,
Till a brook it needed to cross,

Whose shallow stream was thickened
With filmy water-moss.

Said I, "Those shadowy tissues
Fill up the silvery tide,
As well as the weed that issues
In frondage deep and wide.

"So sorrows half ideal,
If undisturbed they grow,
Like troubles dismally real,
Darken life's splendid flow.

"Those mosses would almost vanish
If rudely brought to shore;
So have we need to banish
Sad dreams we ponder o'er;

"So, their true weight revealing,
To thrust our cares aside,
Till the current of thought and feeling
Flows with a healthier tide."

"I thank you for your talk, sir,"
He said—his hand upon my arm—

"I wish you a merrier walk, sir;
I must go back to my farm." J. D. G.

DEPARTMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

NO USE TRYING.



HIS Latin lesson is so hard, I can't learn it, and so there's no use trying! Papa knew I couldn't learn it. *Bonus, bona, bonum.* I wonder what good that will ever do me!"

And Eddy pushed away his book, and leaning his head on his hand, sat looking out of the window.

Half an hour passed away, and Eddy seemed to have entirely forgotten his lesson, when he heard his brother say, "There! I've learned just half, and now for the other half. I shall soon finish it." Upon which, starting up with a loud yawn, Eddy

said, "Why, Willie, you never can learn it all—it is too long; and then what good is it going to do you?"

"Oh, yes, I can, if I try hard enough," said Willie; "and as to the good it will do me, I can't tell now, but I know papa would not have given us the lesson unless it was for our good. But you must not talk to me any more, Eddy, for I am in a hurry to learn the rest, and you had better make haste, or you'll not be ready for dinner."

Eddy turned again to the window, until he was again aroused by Willie exclaiming, "Hurrah! I've learnt it all."

"And I don't know the first word," said Eddy, looking very cross. "Oh, dear! what shall I do? Nothing is hard to you."

"It was hard enough," said Willie; "but I determined I would not give up and say 'I can't' until I had tried and tried ever so many times."

Just then their father's voice was heard calling, and Willie and Eddy ran down-stairs to him.

"Well, Willie and Eddy, I hope you have learned your lessons," said the father, "because I am going to your Uncle Harry's after dinner, and I would like to take you with me. Ah, Eddy! you don't answer. Have you not learned your lesson?"

Eddy hung his head and walked away, looking very much ashamed, and in the afternoon, when he saw Willie going with his papa, and heard his merry laugh, bitterly did he regret that he had not learnt his lesson; he could, at least, have tried to learn it, and then, if it was too hard for him, his papa would have excused him, he knew, and taken him too; and in spite of his efforts to keep them back, the tears would come.

"There!" he said, brushing them away; "I'll not be a baby. I will try to do better;" and, taking his book, he began in earnest to learn his lesson.

"I was very sorry, Eddy, that you were not with us this afternoon," said his father, when they had returned, "and your Uncle Harry looked so disappointed when he saw you had not come. How much better would it have been had you tried this morning to learn your lesson, and how much happier would you feel now. I once heard a little boy boasting what great things he was going to do when he got to be a man, and what a brave soldier he would be. If that little boy does not try to overcome his indolent habits, but still continues to say 'I can't' whenever he meets with any difficulties, he will never become a great man, or a brave soldier. There is a 'battle-field,' Eddy, on which you will have to fight as long as you live. In your own heart are a host of enemies that will surely conquer you if you do not fight bravely and overcome them. And, my son, if you would be a brave and victorious soldier, you must not turn aside and seek some easier path, though the steep and rugged 'Hill Difficulty' is before you, and there are 'lions in the way,' but like bold Christian, in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' you must press onward and upward, and then you will overcome them, if you will only try, and pray to God for strength. And if you should choose a soldier's life, my boy, you must not think that you are fully armed and equipped, unless you also put on 'the whole armour of God,' 'the breastplate of righteousness,' 'the helmet of salvation,' 'the shield of faith,' 'the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God,' 'and have your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace.' Thus armed, Eddy, you will be ready for any conflict."

KEY TO ENIGMA ON PAGE 44.

"Quench not the Spirit."—1 Thess. v. 19.

1. Quartus	Rom. xvi. 23.
2. U rijah	Jer. xxvi. 23.
3. E lah's	1 Kings xvi. 9.
4. N ob	1 Sam. xxii. 18.
5. C aleb	1 Sam. xxv. 3.
6. Helkath-hazzurim	2 Sam. ii. 16.
7. Naamah	1 Kings xiv. 31.
8. Ornan's	1 Chron. xxi. 21.
9. Tilgath-pileser	1 Chron. v. 6.
10. T innath	Judg. xiv. 1.
11. H obab	Numb. x. 29, 31.
12. E gypt	1 Kings xi. 40.
13. S egub's	1 Kings xvi. 34.
14. P haltiel	2 Sam. iii. 16.
15. I shbosheth	2 Sam. ii. 8, 9.
16. R euben	Deut. xxvii. 13.
17. I ttai	2 Sam. xv. 21.
18. T ertullus	Acts xxiv. 2.

LAME GERTY.

A RHYME FOR YOUNG READERS.



PLEASE, ma'am, will you buy my matches?"

Cries little Gerty, as she stands
And stretches out her laden hands—
Hands covered o'er with dirt and scratches.

Dirt! yet we must not blame poor Gerty,
No one has taught her to be clean;
She would not know what you would mean,
To say 'tis naughty to be dirty.

She has not known a careful mother,
Her father she has never seen;
He lies beneath the ocean green,
And with him lies her only brother.

Last winter Gerty had a tumble,
And o'er her rolled a carriage wheel;
You know how snow will noise conceal,
And Gerty did not hear the rumble.

They lifted her upon a stretcher;
She to the hospital was borne;
But when the wounds and pain were gone,
No loving friend she had to fetch her.

Upon her crutches forth she hobbled;
She had not where to look for bread—
She had not where to lay her head—
No wonder she was mazed and troubled.

But not for long; she begged some pennies,
And bought of matches quite a store;
And honest lives, though low and poor,
When she could steal the worth of guineas.

So, though she's low, and poor, and dirty,
She has a good heart under all;
And in God's sight how poor and small
Some rich ones look beside poor Gerty!

THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR, AUTHOR OF "THE WOMEN OF SCRIPTURE," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WRITING MASTER.

"The world is cruel, the world is untrue,
Our foes are many, our friends are few;
No work, no bread, however we sue;
What is there left for me to do?"

BARRY CORNWALL.



WHILE these events had been transpiring at Austwick Chace, there was an humble abode in the neighbourhood of London that was by no means uninterested in them. In that populous district now called South Kensington, there were, at the time we speak of, still some old houses standing in the lanes that intersected the nursery grounds between Brompton and Kensington, to the north of the Fulham Road. In a dilapidated cottage—so old that it probably had been standing when Oliver Cromwell occupied a dwelling near—there lived an elderly man, who might, from his looks, be described as an invalid, but that he never complained, and never left his work—that of writing master to certain schools in the vicinity—unperformed. Pale, thin, and lame, a stranger meeting him as he walked to and fro on his daily avocations, would have thought a tenant of a sick room had just struggled out for a breath of fresh air; though a second glance would have shown him clear grey eyes, in which pain had by no means quenched the light, and a well-cut, firm mouth, that showed a character more ready with endurance than complaint. We have said that the house occupied by this man was dilapidated; yet, like himself, it had a certain air of respectability. There was nothing low or sordid in the infirmities of either. The old, time-stained walls of the house, with the little, quaint bow window of its parlour abutting out into the road, and which, like its door and door-step, bulged a little out of the straight line by reason of age, was not without evidences of care and attention, to remedy the defects that could not be concealed. A drapery of ivy adorned the crumbling wall, and clung to the shattered eaves and overhanging gable; while the neatest little muslin blinds, in folds upon the casement, made it look something like a cheerful old face decorated with a cosy muslin cap. The paint on the door might certainly have been fresher, but it was impossible that the little oval brass plate, which announced "Mr. Hope" dwelt within, could have been more bright. Indeed, the constant burnishing had done by the letters of the name what some people did by its pronunciation—nearly obliterated the H. The door-step, too, was a little alarming in its spotless whiteness—that is, if the mud of the lane had much encumbered the visitor's feet. Somehow the abode, as well as its master, seemed struggling to put a good face on its affairs, and to hold its own perseveringly on the narrow, debatable land that separates vulgar wealth and genteel poverty. It is upon the agonising ridge of that same debatable land that the most desperate effort often has to be made to retain a

place, and "Mr. Hope, Writing Master," had for some years clung with such a straining grip thereunto, that it was no wonder he was something worn and wasted in the effort.

But if the outside of the house bore such evidences of a struggle, the inside was still more demonstrative. The passage oil-cloth was so worn that its original pattern was gone, yet, nevertheless, there was the polish of incessant dry rubbings on its sere surface; and the thin strip of carpet that covered the gaps and patches in the woodwork of the stairs boasted quite an arabesque of darns. In the best parlour, whose window we noted from without, there was a similar triumph of female ingenuity in the way of carpet darning. The old-fashioned chairs that surrounded the centre table were so bright that, like many a venerable lady, they might be complimented on the admirable way in which they carried their age. A wonderful piano, made even before pedals were in use, and looking, in its oblong shape, mounted on a stand, not very much unlike a coffin on tressels, occupied one side of the room, and responded asthmatically to any touch that might be laid on its yellow keys; while an old sofa, with its lame leg carefully bandaged up, was made, by a chintz cover, to look quite an interesting invalid. Indeed, there was nothing plethoric, gaudy, or upstart in the room. Even the ancient brass fender and long spidery fire-irons had a refined look, suggestive of purity and good breeding.

It was evening when Mr. Hope's knock at the door announced his return, and his daughter, Marian Hope, who had been at needlework by the bow window, was rising to open the door, when she was prevented by the swift step of a girl some years her junior, who, jumping up from that gasping piano we have named, ran to the front door; and her laugh of welcome, and the kiss that accompanied it, could be heard all over the little house.

"Don't be so boisterous, child," said a quiet, not displeased voice; and Mr. Hope, entering the parlour, was received by Marian more calmly, though a certain earnest, anxious look showed she was not less interested than the younger and more demonstrative girl, whose salutations had elicited the slight reproof of their object.

"Father, you are not well?"

"Yes, Marian; oh, yes. I'm well enough. Don't worry either yourself or me about looks."

As he spoke the younger girl had taken his hat and brought his slippers, and the elder had placed his house coat, while both were busied in putting carefully away the garments he took off; Marian stealing anxious glances as she did so, and resuming her inquiries with, "I don't want to be worrying, father, but I'm sure something has vexed you; and you're home earlier than usual."

"So much the better, my girl; then I'm not so tired. But get tea! When one door shuts another will open."

The last part of the sentence was said absorbedly, as if to himself, but Marian heard it, and leaning over the old arm-chair in which her father was seated, she bent down

her head, and whispered affectionately, "What door is shut?"

"Only Miss Webb's, Marian. They told me very politely to-day that they had long feared the walk was too much for me, and that, in short, a distant connection of theirs was coming to teach elementary drawing to the pupils, and he would undertake the writing."

"Oh, dear father, and you have toiled so hard, and felt such an interest in the pupils at Miss Webb's! It's a shame of Miss Webb."

"My dear, she professes it is out of kindness to me. My lameness, Marian—though it's nothing, just nothing—I think is more apparent."

"I'm afraid it is really worse, father."

"Not a bit, child. I'm equal to anything—that is, of course, in my way. And I certainly think that I have toiled to do justice to the young folks. And some have repaid me; some I shall be sorry to see no more. That sweet wee thing Gertrude Austwick, she'll miss her old master; yes, she will, I know."

He rocked himself back and forward in his chair as he spoke, as if to lull some inward pain, and his words fell, not only on Marian's ear, but on those of her companion, who was just entering the room, and said—

"Is that the dear little clever young lady, father, that you so often tell me of?"

"Ay, Mysie, 'tis. I would that you, child, learned like her. But there, she and I have parted, and whether the bonny blossom grows into fruitage, or is blown off life's tree, as such a fragile thing most likely will be, is nothing to me. I'm a soft fool to care sae muckle about the weans. It's a weakness I must e'en shake off."

Mr. Hope did not generally betray his northern origin in his speech, but when he was deeply moved the old Doric came to his tongue.

Meanwhile the tea-table was soon laid, and a little warm cake was brought with a gleesome look by Mysie as the crowning triumph of the simple board, just as Marian seated herself and began to pour out tea. Mr. Hope, who had for a few moments, while these preparations were going on, sunk into a reverie, looked up and noticed the simple dainty that was handed to him. He put it aside gravely, saying, "No luxuries, Mysie; no, child, they always disagree with me. Brown bread, little one; that's my fare, and the best—far the best for me."

Tears came into Mysie's eyes as she said, "'Tisn't such a luxury, father; and I toasted it myself—just as I used to toast it for—"

A look and gesture from Marian kept the speaker from finishing her sentence. She stopped rather awkwardly, and made no further attempt to press her handiwork; a very welcome interruption to the rather marked pause being made by the opening of the door, and the entrance of a youth with a portfolio in his hand.

"What! home so soon, Norry?" said Marian.

"There's no class this afternoon, and I thought I might do something for the master." He bent his head as he spoke to Mr. Hope.

The setting sun, whose slanting beams fell athwart the little room, kindled up the face of the young speaker, and made it look its best. This Norry was a tall, rather

loose-limbed boy, with a dark, strongly marked face, and sallow complexion. Plain, most people would have called him—that is, if they had not chanced to look into his eyes and to see him smile. It was very certain the dark, well-defined brows could frown, and even in repose looked heavy. His hair clustered over and half concealed the height of his forehead, and as yet the carelessness of boyhood had not been superseded by the coxcombry of youth. He did not care to smooth off his hair from his brow, or to let his dark face often break into a smile, whether people called him ugly for his carelessness or no.

He was certainly a contrast to Mysie, who, tall like himself, was a brunette, with the hazel eyes, white teeth, red lips, and the damask blush on the cheek that is so sparkling and attractive in a dark beauty.

Marian, whose age might be about twenty-one or two, without anything that could be called beauty, had a face that won upon you by its look of goodness. No one noticed whether the features were regular, or complained that the complexion was nearly colourless, when they saw the mild intelligence of the clear grey eyes, or the tranquil sweetness of the mouth. Are there not some faces so full of spiritual grace that every one feels the presence of a lovely soul, and in meeting them is reminded of a better world? And yet these are rarely called beauties.

"How are you getting on, Norry, my boy?" said Mr. Hope, adding, "Mysie will not be satisfied unless her brother has the makings of a clever man in him—will she?"

There was evidently an effort on the part of the head of the house to lighten the gloom that seemed to be gathering over the little party, and so he spoke cheerily.

"I have regretted as a great misfortune your looking so much older than you are. Let's see, was it eighteen that neighbour Godfrey took you for last week? Why, that must be more than three years older than you are."

"I wish I knew my birthday like other people; then I should be more willing to believe that I am not fifteen yet," said the youth.

"We do have a birthday, Norry, and a very happy birthday, I'm sure, every year. The day we came to our dear mamma and papa Hope is surely the best birthday we could have," said Mysie.

"Ah, that's because you're a girl, that you say so; and girls never think—not they—about the rights of a thing—whether it's true like a line, or like a sum. It'll do for them if it just hits their fancy. I should like to know the true day."

"Now, Norry—for shame!"

"Hush, dear," interposed Marian. "I'm sure Norry does not undervalue the birthday we have always kept."

"Norry," said Mr. Hope, "ever be rigid for the right—true and exact as a sum in all things. But you will learn—ay, both of you will learn, as you advance in life—that it is not in mere human strength either to attain or keep that moral exactitude without higher aid and a loftier motive than human reason will supply. Be content, my boy. There are doubtless many orphans who do not know, or have forgotten, their exact birthday; and I think there are few or none

that have been more tenderly cared for than you both have been by me and mine."

A flush mounted to the brow of the boy, turning his sallow face to a dark crimson, as he said—

"Mr. Hope—father—I know it. Forgive me!"

And Mysie, running towards the old man's chair, threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him.

Poor children! theirs had been a chequered history, more so than they knew; and yet Mr. Hope had not, as he thought, kept anything from them. For he was a Christian in word and deed, and strove to keep a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man. But the mystery was not the less.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ORPHANS.

"Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live."

Mrs. WINSLOW.

WHEN Mysie and Norry retired at their usual early hour, and left Mr. Hope and his daughter alone, the conversation, as they sat together for an hour or so before bed-time, turned very naturally on their circumstances, and led unintentionally to the mention of the brother and sister. The teaching that Mr. Hope had now left him would certainly not suffice to maintain the humble home in which he dwelt. His daughter was the most careful and industrious of household managers; but there must obviously be an income to manage, and if that fails, the talent of thrift, however great it may be, must fail also.

Poor Marian Hope had, for a long time past, lived in some dread of what seemed now actually to have occurred. She had nursed her mother through an illness of two years; and, when death ended the long agony, there was left as a bitter addition to the sorrow a heavy debt necessarily incurred, which the honest pride of both father and daughter could not endure should remain. So Mr. Hope had walked, despite his lameness, many miles to his round of daily teaching, and had in the evenings done law copying when he could obtain it from the law stationers; and his daughter, besides dismissing their only servant and undertaking the work of the house, with occasional assistance from a charwoman, had toiled early on summer mornings, and late on winter nights, before or after the rest of the family were in bed, at embroidery; by which all that she had gained had been the means to keep her slender wardrobe in such a condition that it should neither shame her sense of propriety nor make demands on her father's failing income. And fail, indeed, it did most rapidly, particularly in this last year. Just as the payment of the doctor's bill for Mrs. Hope had given some respite to the cares of the survivors, the sources on which they depended seemed to be shut up against them; Marian believing, though she did not utter the painful thought, that her father's wan looks, infirmities, and threadbare dress over-weighed, in the consideration of those who employed him, their know-

ledge of his talents and respect for his character. It was a hard lesson for her to have to learn in her early womanhood, that a jaunty air and good broadcloth were by some—nay, by most—more valued than worth or talent. It brought with it a bitter sense of wrong and injustice that she had never before experienced.

As for Mr. Hope, despite his cheerful name, he was one of those who seemed born both to bear and to dignify adversity. He had been in his youth in a Government office, that by some changes was reduced, he being one of the clerks thrown out. He had saved from the grave which had taken many of his children one child, this daughter Marian, when the alteration in his position and prospects occurred. By the advice of a few friends, he employed the small sum of money that he possessed in emigrating to, and buying some land in, Canada. If diligence would have done, in their new life, in the place of bone and muscle, Mr. and Mrs. Hope might have succeeded; as it was, he met with the injury that ended in permanent lameness, and his wife contracted in that rigorous climate the pulmonary complaint that made her life one long disease; and it was in the hope of benefiting her health, or rather rescuing her from impending death, that, eight years previously, they had returned to England poorer than they left it, bringing with them the two children, Norry and Mysie. Then Mr. Hope, by the recommendation of a friend who had known him in his earlier days, obtained employment as a teacher, for which his fine penmanship and mathematical skill fitted him. The education of the two children had been carried on by himself and his daughter. Therefore, when, after a long pause, as they sat alone in their parlour that night, his daughter said to him, "Was ever anything settled, father, about Norry and Mysie—as to any pursuit in life, I mean?" Mr. Hope sighed heavily, and replied—

"If I had known, my dear, all the anxiety that the charge would involve, I think I should have opposed your dear mother. But she was bent on it, and the poor things were certainly wretchedly neglected when they came to us."

"Indeed they were! Young as I then was—not eleven, I think, father—I well recollect the little rough, unkempt things. Those must have been hard people—those Johnstons, father."

"They were rough people, child. I do not know that they were harder to the orphans than they would have been to children of their own. Johnston had been a schoolmaster in Scotland before he emigrated, and used to rule by force of hand more than brain; and his wife was just a maudlin slattern."

"He ill-used her as well as the children, I've heard mamma say."

"There were faults on both sides, doubtless; but the woman suffers most in such cases; I'm certain Johnston's wife did. What with hardships, and quarrels, and—"

"And whisky, father."

"Yes, and whisky, doubtless, she, like many more, did not live out half her days. I shall never forget going into their log hut and finding poor little Mysie lying fast asleep across the feet of the poor dead woman."

"Ah, yes, how that impressed poor dear mamma! She

used often to say, 'We literally took her from death—though Norry was in a worse condition.'

"Norry had been taken on tramp by Johnston, and a tavern-keeper had so pitied the little footsore wean of four years old, that he set the police on Johnston's track, just as the neighbours came to me to write to him that his wife was dead."

"Did the neighbours think that the children were their own?"

"Yes, if they troubled themselves to think at all about them. Johnston was disliked as a quarrelsome fellow, and his wife as a drunkard. People avoided them; but your mother, Marian, was always drawn towards children."

"It was she that found out the children were not the Johnstons'."

"Yes, she discovered it one day when she was giving Mrs. Johnston some little wraps she had made for the bairns. To her surprise the woman said, in a maudering way, 'Ah, we would get proper things for them if we were paid properly. But the money comes so irregularly.' And then, having said so much, she told the truth—not that, as far as I know, they had previously wanted to conceal it; but they had never contradicted people who took it for granted they were their own children. Acquiescing in a falsehood is much the same as telling one, to my mind. However, we had the truth at last. The children's name was Grant, the parents were dead, but some kinsman—uncle, I think—paid for them, when the Johnstons offered to take them; a trifle, certainly, but enough to secure the Johnstons from any loss. Indeed, the money, well employed, might have been a help to Johnston; and it roused our indignation to think that the little ones were not better cared for than if they had been beggars. I was resolved to appeal to the magistrate of the district, and went to the cottage to see the state of the children for myself, when I found the end had come, as far as the miserable woman was concerned."

"Johnston was, I think, sincerely horrified when he was recalled to the scene his cottage presented. In a newly-settled place like Villemont, the rougher sort are often for taking the law in their own hands, and I think he was only too glad to make his escape, leaving the children with us. He obtained a situation afterwards in New Brunswick, to manage a farm—for which he was better fitted than for school-keeping; and I'll do him the justice to say, that the stipend for the children, he has always sent regularly—six pounds five shillings a quarter—ever since we took them. I forgave him a quarter or so that winter he was laid up with rheumatism; since then it has come regularly."

"But, father, that sum ought to have been increased as they grew older."

"Of course it ought, and I have written to that effect to Johnston. But he tells me that he can get no more; indeed, that now the children—the boy—should be put to earn his living."

"Wouldn't it be better, father, if you wrote to this uncle, or whoever he is?"

"I would willingly, my dear, if I knew where to write."

"Did Mr. Johnston never tell you?"

"When the children came to us it was a time of such confusion with him that I am not surprised many things were forgotten. You and your dear mother, Marian, were concerned only to comfort and feed the poor things."

A flush of gratified as well as tender recollection was on Mr. Hope's cheek as he spoke of his dead wife. They were very simple and unworldly in all things, and the fact of having rescued Norry and Mysie from an infancy of neglect and a training of vice, was such a permanent consolation, that the calculation of the addition to the butcher's and baker's bill were never made until the long illness of Mrs. Hope and the increased requirements of a growing boy and girl had forced it on their attention. Then Mr. Hope had written to Johnston, and asked, for the first time, the name of the children's uncle. He received a letter with a Montreal postmark, in which Johnston said he had again moved, and could not be sure of his future abode; that he was equally uncertain as to the children's relative; indeed, afraid that if he was applied to he might withdraw his assistance altogether, as the children had no legal claim on him. But he concluded a list of vague excuses by saying that the same stipend hitherto paid should be forwarded from a lawyer at Montreal.

Marian fretted to herself over her father's increasing infirmities and decreasing income. That ominous, vague sentence, that conveys so much perplexity, was on her lips, "Something must be done, father."

"Yes, child, no doubt; so I've been thinking all day, and many days. Indeed, I have written this week to Montreal to inquire what occupation Norry's relation has thought of for him. Meanwhile, child, we have much to be thankful for."

As they thus spoke and looked at each other, there was a lambent gleam in their eyes, as if tears had started and been checked; and a little twitching about the father's lips compelled him to silence. He motioned with his hand towards a side-table, on which lay the family Bible. Marian understood the look, and fetching it, laid it before her father. He opened it, and finding the 103rd Psalm, pushed the volume towards his daughter, and leaning back in his chair covered his eyes with his hand.

Very sweet and low was the voice of Marian as she read out the words of praise and thanksgiving—that incense which, kindled by the Psalmist, has gone up through all generations; and as the last "Praise the Lord, oh, my soul!" fell from her lips, her father leaned on his crutch, and took up the hallowed strains in words whose fervent gratitude soared like a flame from the altar of a heart consecrated to all holy desires and loving trust. Yes, in that poor room, with grim want hovering on the threshold, where, forgotten and neglected by the outer world, infirmity, helplessness, and penury had sought shelter, there arose a prayer so full of faith, and breathing so completely the spirit of that peace which passeth understanding, that neither father nor daughter, at its close, remembered their poverty or sorrow; they thought and felt only, as they parted for the night, a joy unutterable and full of glory.

(To be continued.)